THE PRELUDE TO THE BLOCKBUSTER FILM!

VERTIGO

GEORGE MILLER

MAD MAX FURY ROAD

MARK SEXTON NICO LATHOURIS TRISTAN JONES RICCARDO BURCHIELLI

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GEORGE MILLER STORY
NICO LATHOURIS & MARK SEXTON SCRIPT
MARK SEXTON LEANDRO FERNANDEZ RICCARDO BURCHIELLI
ANDREA MUTTI TRISTAN JONES SZYMON KUDRANSKI PETER POUND ART
MICHAEL SPICER LOVERN KINDZIERSKI COLOR CLEM ROBINS LETTERS
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MAD MAX: FURY ROAD

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INTRODUCTION BY MARK SEXTON

Back in the dim, distant past—well, late 1982—I was a guest at a twelve-year-old's birthday party in a small flat somewhere in Adelaide (yes, I was twelve too, I'm not *that* old). Sugared-up and full of red cordial, we bounced off the walls and each other, generally causing chaos, but not too much property damage. The flat was a nice one, and under the television, it sported a VCR (remember those?) and a small library of video cassettes in their clunky black plastic covers. In the midst of the hyperglycemic activity, one brave kid found a title with "R-rated" splashed across the spine, and in a thrill of illicit excitement, he stuck it in the VCR and pressed play.

It was *Mad Max 2*. You folks in the U.S. of A know it as *The Road Warrior*.

And when the sound of that shrieking blower filled the air, and the camera pulled out of the darkness to begin 90 minutes of nitro-fuelled violence and nihilism, every single kid sat down in front of the television and didn't move until the credits rolled. God knows where the adults were…

Suffice to say, I'd never seen *anything* like it. I was hooked.

Fast forward seventeen years—1999. I was in my third year of a career as a storyboard artist working in Sydney. I got a call to come in to the production company of George Miller to talk about a film he wanted to do, something about a dancing penguin… I had heard on the grapevine of dark rumors that *something else* was happening in the building… that after twenty-four years, the director of the *Mad Max* films was secretly working on a sequel. A dancing penguin didn't seem like quite the same thing, and I figured that it was just that: rumor.

So, I went into the magnificent old Art Deco theater and was directed up to the big room in the center of the building that George used as his office. I wandered in through the glass doors and stopped dead in my tracks.

On a big electroboard in black ink was a logo. Harsh, jagged, bold and arresting. Four words.

Mad Max: Fury Road.

And art! There was art. Crazy, bonkers stuff. Wild vehicles, combinations of classic cars with airplane tails and shopping trolleys, spiked metal and harpoon cannons, crossbows and carnage. My heart nearly stopped. *The rumors were true*!

I did end up working on the dancing penguin movie, *Happy Feet*, following the animated adventures of Mumble and spending five years designing the

white and blue world of a digital Antarctica. But before that eventuated, I spent two glorious years sitting in that big room with George, co-writer Brendan McCarthy and vehicle designer Peter Pound, and we boarded the crap out of a wild, totally insane story that the world is just discovering now.

Peter and Brendan moved on to other jobs and other projects, and at the end of 2001 it was just George and I who finished the boards. Two years! But I wanted to stay in that world...

"George? Have you ever considered doing Mad Max comics?"

George looked thoughtful. "Oh. Let's see... Hmmm. I'll think about it."

Fast forward *another* thirteen years—2014. *Fury Road* had achieved the impossible and had actually been shot and was in the throes of post-production. It was thrilling to know the insane project had actually happened, but bittersweet having not had anything more to do with it. Ah, well. Then my phone rang—it was George.

"Hi Mark. About those Mad Max comics? I think it's a good idea..."

And so these four stories—prequels of some of the key characters of *Fury Road*—are finally realized. These are not just mere ephemera—not just cynically produced stories that have been hacked out to tie into a summer movie. These are legitimately authentic tales that were dreamed up by George during the production of the film and were told to the actors themselves—tales that gave the characters they played depth and history. The tales of Nux and Immortan Joe. How Furiosa came to meet the Wives. And Max, making his way through the twisted and poisoned wasteland. All stories that flesh out these richly layered and fascinating people, and how they came to be what they are at the beginning of *Fury Road*. Stories taken from the mind of George Miller... Given flesh by one of the co-writers of the *Fury Road* screenplay, Nico Lathouris, and myself. Illustrated and colored with enthusiasm and care by talented artists scattered over the globe. Every detail pored over and considered, altered and beaten into shape by the creators through the prism of years of immersion in the world of Mad Max. Stories that will give those folks who enjoyed the brilliant film a greater appreciation of the world and its history.

These are tales from the Fury Road.

So strap in, flick the kill switches, kick the engine over—and enjoy.

Mark Sexton worked as storyboard artist and concept artist on Mad Max: Fury Road. *He is also the co-writer, along with George Miller and Nico Lathouris, and co-artist of the* Mad Max: Fury Road *comic series.*

NUX & IMMORTAN JOE

GEORGE MILLER STORY
NICO LATHOURIS & MARK SEXTON SCRIPT
RICCARDO BURCHIELLI LEANDRO FERNANDEZ
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WHEN THE WORLD FELL...

...THEY BURNED THE BOOKS, LEAVING NOTHING BUT A RANDOM COLLECTION OF **WORDBURGERS.**

WE ***HISTORY MEN*** AND ***WOMEN*** PRESERVE THESE STORIES...

...STORIES BY WHICH TO NAVIGATE THE FUTURE...AND AVOID A REPETITION OF THE PAST.

ONE STORY IN PARTICULAR RECOUNTS THE COURAGE OF A YOUTH NOT UNLIKE YOURSELVES. A YOUNG MAN.

HIS NAME WAS...

...**"NUX."**

THE WASTELAND, A FURNACE FANNED BY TOXIC STORMS. IN THIS DEAD HEART STANDS... A BEACON OF HOPE...

...THE CITADEL.

AT ITS BASE, THERE IS NO RULE OF LAW...EVERYONE IS REDUCED TO A SINGLE INSTINCT. ***SURVIVAL.***

NEED WATER?

SWAP FOR THE LITTLE FELLA?!

SURVIVAL--AT THE COST OF HUMANITY.

EXCEPT FOR ONE FAMILY. HUDDLED AROUND THE FLICKERING CANDLE OF SOMETHING MORE...

...LOVE.

YOUR WIFE! SWEET FLESH, THAT ONE!

WHEN SHE PASSES, I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

THEIR LOVE--A REVOLUTION AGAINST THE CRUELTY OF THE WORLD...

...THE UNRELENTING CYCLE OF LIFE...

...AND DEATH.

EAT, MY BEAUTIFUL BOY. >KOFF KOFF<

BUT REVOLUTION, TOO, COMES AT A COST.

WITH NOTHING LEFT BUT HOPES AND DREAMS...

WE'LL BE *UP THERE* SOON, BABBA...

UB DERE...

KOFF KOFF

DON'T WORRY, BABY, DADDA WILL BE BACK SOON...

...THE FATHER WAS FORCED INTO HAZARDOUS ACTIVITIES...

...IN WHICH ONLY THE STRONGEST CAN SURVIVE...

CRRRAAAACK

...AND THE WEAK ARE SWEPT AWAY.

MAMMA...?

TAKKA TAKKA TUM TAKKA TAKKA TUM

DADDA...

CLACKETTY CLACKETTY

UB DERE...

CLACKETTY CLACKETTY

DADDA...

TAKE ME, I'M A MILKER!

YOU SURE ARE. COME ABOARD, LITTLE LADY.

UB DERE...

PERHAPS IT WAS KINDER THAT FATE SPARED HIM...

DADDA.

...FROM THE TRUTH.

NO DADDA HERE, Y'LITTLE BASTARD...

...OFF YOU GO.

WHA...?

LET'S SEE HOW LONG HE LASTS...

HA HA! C'MON, YA WRETCH...

...LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF.

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE GRINNING, BOY...

HEY--LOOK AT THIS LITTLE FELLA!

HA HA! C'MON, BOY--SHOW THEM!

SLIPPERY, AYE?! WON'T BE SMILING SOON, BOYO.

WHAT'S THIS?! A FREELOADER?

LOOK AT HIM GO! HA HA!

HE'S SLIPPING!

BOY'S GOT IRON IN HIS BLOOD!

WITNESS?

WHOOP!

BYE-BYE, BOYO!

HE'S NOT LETTING GO! HA HA HA!

WITNESS! WITNESS!!

HAHA!

HA HA! WITNESS!

WITNESS! WITNESS!

CLACKETTY CLACKETTY

KID'S A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK!

BUT HERE COMES THE HAMMER!

HA HA HA

UB DERE!

HA HAHA!

CLACKETTY CLACKETTY

HE'S LAUGHING! HA HA!

HA HA! WITNESS! WITNESS!

AND IN THAT MOMENT...

BOOM

...A LOVING HEART WAS SWEPT INTO IDOLATRY.

NUX! NUX! NUX! NUX! NUX!

NUX!

THEY CALLED HIM NUX--A HARD NUT TO CRACK.

HE NEVER FOUND HIS FATHER...

VROOOMM

...BUT HE FOUND A SURROGATE.

DADDY LOVES YOU!

IM-MOR-TA! IM-MOR-TA! IMMORTA!

WE LOVE YOU, DADDY!

WHAT A LOVELY DAY!

"NUX." FOREVER ETCHED IN THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE IN WHOM HIS HEROISM INSPIRES HOPE...

WORDBURGER: DEATH, THE NATURAL END OF LIFE.

IMMORTAN JOE, THE MAN WHO CHEATED IT.

WELL...

...THE *MYTH* OF HIS IMMORTALITY BEGAN AT THE TIME OF...*THE FALL.*

ONE ORDINARY WEDNESDAY, THE POWER WAS TURNED OFF...

...AND IT DIDN'T COME BACK ON AGAIN.

THE WORLD WENT BEYOND THE TIPPING POINT. THE CITIES FELL APART. IT WAS ANARCHY...CHAOS.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO ASPIRE TO OTHER THAN...*SURVIVAL.*

BOOM KAPOOM

BLAM BLAM BRA-TAT-TAT

THOSE WHO COULD, LEFT THE CITY TO A SLOW, CREEPING DEATH--THOSE WITH MUSCLE AND RUTHLESSNESS...

...MEN SUCH AS THESE... EX-JARHEADS, DEVILDOGS WITH HIGH AND TIGHT HAIRCUTS, CACHES OF WEAPONS AND THE WILL TO USE THEM.

MEN IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING MORE...

...A VISION OF A NEW WORLD RISING FROM THE ASHES OF THE OLD.

THEIR LEADER, THE MILITANT **COLONEL JOE MOORE.**

BANG

VETERAN OF THE OIL WARS, HERO OF THE WATER WARS.

HIS HENCHMEN--***MAJOR KALASHNIKOV,*** NAKED WITHOUT A FIREARM...

...AND ***DEEPDOG,*** HIS COOL-HEADED STRATEGIST.

ONCE, THE CITIZENRY SLEPT PEACEFULLY IN THEIR BEDS BECAUSE ROUGH MEN SUCH AS THESE DID VOLENCE ON THEIR BEHALF.

NOW, BECAUSE OF THESE SAME MEN...

THUD

CRACK

THWOKK

...NO ONE SLEPT AT NIGHT.

WITH EACH SKIRMISH, EACH BATTLE, HIS ARMY GREW.

THE COLONEL ***CHOSE*** HIS DESTINY, RATHER THAN LEAVING IT TO FATE.

BY SLAUGHTERING THE LEADERS AND THEIR SONS...

WE TAKE THE WOMEN. THE CHILDREN...

...WE DON'T NEED EXTRA MOUTHS TO FEED.

...BY DESPOILING THE WOMEN AND BY PURGING THE HELPLESS AND THE WEAK...

...AND BY GATHERING THE STRONG...

...HE WILLINGLY ENTERED A DARKNESS...

...A DARKNESS FROM WHICH THERE WOULD BE NO RETURN.

WITH EYES WIDE OPEN, HE ENTERED...

...THE DEAD HEART.

THE WASTELAND.

SEND A WAR PARTY.

TAKE EVERY-THING. WE NEED WATER.

WHOOP!

LOOKIT THIS ONE BLEED, CHARLIE!

HEY! THAT FAT BASTARD'S RUNNIN', ROOP!

FELLAS! WE GOTTA MOVE!

>HUFF HUFF<

MERCY!

I CAN TAKE YOU TO WATER! LOTS OF WATER!

BRING THE FAT ONE HERE.

JUST BENEATH THE GROUND. A MASSIVE AQUIFER. TWENTY THOUSAND CUBIC KILOMETERS...

...AND A FORTRESS! DEFENDED BY ROUGHNECKS. SECURE. SAFER THAN A SWISS BANK.

HUHN.

WE'LL SEE.

TWO DAYS FROM HERE...THEY HAVE EVERYTHING YOU'D EVER NEED...

...EXCEPT WOMEN. *HAHA!* BOYSTOWN.

BETTER NOT BE TELLING *PORKIE-PIES,* FAT BOY.

BUT IT WAS JUST AS THE FAT MAN PROMISED...

...SHELTER. SECURITY. A BASE OF OPERATIONS...

...A CITADEL.

IT'S SITTING ON A LAKE OF FRESH ARTESIAN WATER. UNDERGROUND. THEY HAVE PUMPS AND STORAGE.

ENOUGH WATER FOR SEVERAL LIFE-TIMES...

FUK-USHIMA! THAT'S A BIG ROCK.

BIG ENOUGH FOR A MAN OF AMBITION...

IN THAT MOMENT, THE COLONEL'S VISION MATERIALIZED. THE FUTURE BECAME CLEAR.

NOTHING WOULD BE ABLE TO STOP HIM...

...IF HE COULD JUST GAIN ENTRANCE TO ITS HEIGHTS.

FRIENDS!
WE COME IN PEACE!
WE WISH ONLY TO TALK WITH YOU...
...YEAH?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHY, *TRADE*, OF COURSE, BROTHER...
FOR YOU TO SHARE A BIOTIC INTERACTION WITH THESE FINE CREATURES...
...IN EXCHANGE FOR WATER AND A LITTLE... HOSPITALITY.
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'D BE INTERESTED?
BROTHER--THINK OF THE FUTURE--THE LEGACY YOU CAN LEAVE BEHIND...
THE FUTURE? *HAH!* *NONE* OF US HAVE A FUTURE.
BUT YOU WANT WATER...?
...THEN DRINK UP!
SPLASH
SPLASH
LISTEN TO ME, BROTHER...

...WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY WAY...

...OR THE HARD WAY...

PLENTY HAVE TRIED, MATE...

...ALL HAVE FAILED.

THE HARD WAY, THEN.

THANK THE LORD...

SNIPERS!

--DOWN!

UNKH

BLAM BLAM BLAM

HKK

AND SO THE SIEGE OF THE CITADEL BEGAN.

THE COLONEL SENT SCOUTS OUT TO LOOK FOR FOOD AND WATER.

THEY REPORTED A DERELICT **OIL REFINERY** TO THE NORTH AND AN ABANDONED **LEAD MINE** NOT FAR TO THE WEST...

...BUT **NO WATER.**

HE SENT MEN TO SCALE THE FEW FACES OF THE GREAT ROCK THAT WERE ABLE TO BE CLIMBED...

USING THE **DISPOSABLE** TO TEST THE DEFENSES OF THE ENEMY.

BLAM B-CHOW

THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.

HIS LOSSES MOUNTED.

THEY'RE USING FIFTIES. GOT EYES ON EVERY WEAK POINT.

IT'S A TURKEY SHOOT.

AND THEY HAVE AN END-LESS SUPPLY OF WATER...

...**WE** HAVE SCARCELY THREE DAYS' WORTH.

IF WE DON'T FIND WATER SOON, BROTHER...

...THERE'S NO SHAME IN DEFEAT.

...BROTHER?

DO YOU HEAR US?

THE BATTLE OF SINHAGAD...

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD *THE TALE OF TANAJI MALUSARE?*

WORDBURGER: LONG BEFORE THE FALL...

...A PERSIAN GENERAL--TANAJI MALUSARE--WAS CALLED UPON BY HIS KING...

...TO CAPTURE THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS OF SINHAGAD.

THE FORTRESS WAS BUILT ON A HIGH PEAK, PROTECTED BY SHEER CLIFFS AND MIGHTY WALLS.

THE RAMPARTS WERE IMPOSSIBLE TO CLIMB. HIS LIEUTENANTS SAID THAT IT COULDN'T BE DONE...

...BUT TANAJI HAD A PLAN.

A GREAT LEADER IS ONE WHO CONVINCES OTHERS TO FOLLOW HIM...

...NO MATTER HOW CRAZY THE IDEA.

TANAJI HAD A PET MONITOR LIZARD THAT HE TRAINED BY FEEDING IT A DIET OF MICE AND BIRDS.

HSSSSSS

C'MON, MOVE!

GO!

...BUT THE BRUTE PROVED RELUCTANT.

HSSSS

FUK-USHIMA! WHAT A HAIR-BRAINED SCHEME! WE SHOULD BE BUILDING CATAPULTS AND FIRE-BOMBING THEM OUT!

UP! Y'UGLY, STUBBORN CREATURE, GET UP THERE!

IT DON'T WANNA...

...THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT UP THERE...

HE TIED A ROPE TO THE CREATURE AND SET IT TO CLIMB THE WALLS...

SO TANAJI FOUND A WAY TO MOTIVATE THE LIZARD...

SHIKT

FUK-USHIMA!

NNGGH!

...AND WITH FRESH INCENTIVE, IT SCALED THE RAMPARTS.

UNDER THE COVER OF NIGHT, HE LED HIS MEN UP THE ROPE...

...AND BREACHED THE ENEMY'S DEFENSES.

AND WHEN THE APPOINTED TIME CAME...

BANG BOOM

WHAT THE...?

...HE MADE THEM PAY.

SPAK
DOWN THERE! IT'S AN ALL-OUT ASSAULT!
DRIVE THEM BACK! STOP THEM DEAD!
FOR THE COLONEL!
CRACK
BLAM
BOOM
P-CHOW
YAAA!
BANG
BANG
KEEP CLIMBING, BOYOS!
BLAM
LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL!
BLAM
POUR IT ON!
SHOW THEM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS!
BANG
K-POW
NO ONE'S TAKING THIS ROCK FROM US!
BLAM
POW
BANG

UGH!

AHH!

HUH?

EYES ON! EYES ON!

WE'VE BEEN FLANKED!

GO! GO! GO!

KRAK

BLAM

SPAK

STOP THEM! KILL THEM ALL!

BLOW THE PIPES!

BLAM BLAM BANG

BA-DOOM

THE COLONEL'S PLAN WAS FOILED...

COLONEL...?

WITHDRAW! WITHDRAW!

FORGET THE DEAD! BRING THE WOUNDED!

...AND DESPAIR SET IN.

P-PLEASE...

SORRY, MATE. USE THE WEAK AND SAVE THE STRONG...

DID THEY MAKE IT? DID THEY MAKE IT?

IT MIGHT BE THE COLONEL... IT'S TOO FAR TO TELL...

SOMEONE MADE IT OVER, AT LEAST...

BRAKKA-BRAKK

BOOM

AAARGH!

WHAT CAN YOU SEE?

I SEE TWO MEN FIGHTING...

BY DUSK ON THE FIRST DAY, THE CITADEL BEGAN TO BURN.

AT DAWN ON THE SECOND DAY, THEY SAW THE FIRST BODY.

LOOK!

IS IT... HIM?

NEGATIVE... BUT IT IS ONE OF OURS...

AS THE DAY PROGRESSED, THE NUMBER GREW...

FUKUSHIMA--!

THEY'RE ALL OURS...

...IT'S A BLOOD-BATH.

...AND BY DUSK, THE COLONEL'S MEN FELL SILENT.

WATCHING...

WAITING...

...BUT THERE WAS ONLY SILENCE... AND THE ACRID SMELL OF DEATH.

A BLACK DAY, BROTHERS... A BLACK DAY.

AND ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY...

WE ARE UNDONE.

...EEEAAAHH...

...EEEEAAAAAAAH!

BRRRT BRRRT

FROM DEFEAT, HE BROUGHT VICTORY...

...FROM DEATH, HE BROUGHT...

...RESURRECTION.

HE LIVES! HE LIVES!

COME BACK--FROM DEATH ITSELF!

TRULY HE IS IMMORTAL!

IMMORTAN JOE! IMMORTAN JOE!

IMMORTAN JOE! IMMORTAN JOE!

THE HARSHNESS OF THEIR WORLD BLURRED THE EDGES OF REALITY...

...AND THE LEGEND OF THE *IMMORTAN JOE* WAS BORN...

...A MYTH THAT WOULD TYRANNIZE THE WASTELAND FOR YEARS TO COME.

THE COLONEL REBUILT THE CITADEL, SCOURING THE SURROUNDING LAND FOR ANYTHING THAT COULD BE USED.

HE DREW WATER FROM THE AQUIFERS AND ESTABLISHED HYDROPONIC SYSTEMS TO GROW FOOD FOR HIS ARMIES.

HE RECLAIMED THE ***OIL REFINERY*** TO THE NORTH AND USED IT TO PRODUCE ***GUZZOLINE*** FOR HIS ARMADA.

THE FAT MAN BECAME ***THE PEOPLE EATER,*** GUARDIAN OF ***GAS TOWN,*** RECKONER AND HUMAN CALCULATOR.

THE COLONEL REFURBISHED THE ABANDONED LEAD MINE TO THE WEST--***THE BULLET FARM***--TO MANUFACTURE SMALL ARMS, GUNPOWDER, AND AMMUNITION.

HE APPOINTED MAJOR KALISHNIKOV, THE ***BULLET FARMER***--AS ITS GUARDIAN, JUDGE AND EXECUTIONER.

THE TRIUMVIRATE RULED THE WASTELAND... ACROSS WHICH THOUSANDS TREKKED, HOPING TO FIND SHELTER AND SUCCOR...

...ONLY TO BECOME COMMODITIES IN HIS ECONOMY.

IMMORTA!

TRADE! TRADE!

HIM...

...HER...

...THAT WOMAN OVER THERE...

PLEASE! TAKE ME!

ME!

NO, ME!

I'M STRONG!

THEY WERE DAZZLED BY THE PROMISE OF THE LEGEND...

...AND COULD NOT SEE WHAT AWAITED THEM.

A SHORT LIFETIME AS TREAD-MILL RATS AND MILKERS.

BUT THE YOUNG MEN...

...HE TOOK THEM UP AND FORGED THEM INTO A WAR MACHINE.

THEY BUILT HIM AN ARMADA...

...AND RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR THE PROMISE OF AN AFTERLIFE...

IMMORTA!

IMMORTAAAA!

...HIS **WAR BOYS.**

AS HIS POWER GREW...

...SO DID HIS LEGEND.

...ON THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASHES!

LET YOUR FINAL BREATH BE AN ACT OF COURAGE...

...AND HE WILL PERSONALLY TAKE YOU TO THE GATES OF VALHALLA TO MCFEAST WITH THE HEROES OF ALL TIME.

HE CAN NEVER DIE?

HE COMEBACK TO SAVE US?

IT IS THE TRUTH. THE IMMORTAN IS ***COMEBACK.***

AND REMEMBER...

"...HE LOVES YOU!"

IM-MOR-TA! IM-MOR-TA!

AND SO THE MAN BECAME A ***GOD...***

...BUT THE GOD WAS ***TROUBLED.***

HE HAD THREE SONS.

SCROTUS, A PSYCHOPATHIC KILLER...

...RICTUS ERECTUS, A HERCULEAN MANCHILD...

...AND CORPUS CALLOSUM, A MAN IN THE BODY OF A CHILD...

...TRUE PRODUCTS OF THE WASTE-LAND...AND HIS TWISTED SELF...

...NONE OF THEM CAPABLE OF CARRYING ON HIS VISION FOR THE FUTURE.

SO HE BUILT A VAULT WITH PURE WATER AND CLEAN AIR...A HERMETICALLY SEALED OASIS...

...THE DOME.

HE SOUGHT THE PUREST AND HEALTHIEST WOMEN AND MADE THEM HIS WIVES...

...BREEDING STOCK-- FOR THE SOLE PURPOSE OF PROVIDING HIM WITH...

...A HEALTHY MALE HEIR.

TIME AND AGAIN THEY TRIED...TIME AND AGAIN THEY FAILED...

...ONLY TO BE CAST OUT AMONGST THE WRETCHED.

THREE STRIKES-- YOU'RE OUT.

AND SO IT WENT.

MY LITTLE BROKEN BOY...

:SNIFF:

WORDBURGER: "A TRUE LEADER DOES NOT NEED OTHERS TO MAKE HIM STRONG."

IM-MOR-TA! IM-MOR-TA!
IM-MOR-TA!

"A TRUE LEADER GIVES OTHERS THE STRENGTH TO STAND ALONE."

WORDBURGER:

TYRANT.

A CRUEL OPPRESSOR OF MEN WHOSE HUBRIS BLINDED HIM.

FOR WITHOUT VIGILANCE, HISTORY HAS A WAY OF REPEATING THE UNLEARNED LESSONS OF THE PAST.

KRA-THOOM

LOOK. YOU SEE?

EVEN NOW, CHANGE IS BREWING...

...A STORM COMES.

KRAKA-THOOOM

FURIOSA

GEORGE MILLER STORY
NICO LATHOURIS & MARK SEXTON SCRIPT
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CLEM ROBINS LETTERS

KRAKA-THOOM

BEHOLD, THE *FURY STORM!*

LISTEN TO IT HOWL AND ROAR, BATTERING THESE FRAGILE WALLS...

OUT THERE...

...THAT'S HISTORY. STANDING BETWEEN US AND THE FUTURE, WARNING US TO BE VIGILANT--TO LEARN THE LESSONS OF THE PAST...

...OR BE SWEPT AWAY.

NOT SO LONG AGO, IN THIS VERY PLACE WE NOW SIT...

...AWAY FROM PRYING EYES...

...THE ONE THEY CALLED "IMMORTAN JOE" KEPT THEM IMPRISONED--HIS **BREEDERS.** HIS FIVE WIVES. IN A VAULT WHERE HE GAVE THEM FILTERED AIR AND WATER.

HE BELIEVED HE COULD CONTROL THE WORLD--THAT HE COULD MASTER IT. REMAKE IT...

...**REPOPULATE** IT--IN **HIS OWN IMAGE.**

NO PRECAUTION WAS TOO GREAT TO ENSURE HEALTHY MALE HEIRS...STRONG CHILDREN TO CARRY ON HIS VISION AND JUSTIFY HIS TYRANNY.

BUT HE MADE ONE **FATAL** ERROR.

TO GUARD AGAINST DEPRESSION AND MENTAL ILLS, HE GAVE THE GIRLS AN **EDUCATION.** BOOKS AND MUSIC...

...HE GAVE THEM A **TEACHER...**

...HE GAVE THEM *MISS GIDDY.*

LIKE MYSELF, A KEEPER OF HISTORY...

...OF KNOWLEDGE.

AND KNOWLEDGE HAS A WAY OF IGNITING ***DISSENT...***

...AND INCITING ***REVOLUTION.***

HMMM... MMMM...

...MMM-- ♪ AH!

♪ MMM-HMMM... MMM-HMMMM...

WELL?

OVULATUM MAXIMUM!

THE YOUNG ONE IS TE-TE...TEPID...BUT THE OTHERS ARE HO-HO...HOT AND STICKY!

THESE PRISTINE FULL-LIFE PUREBREDS ARE O-O...OVULATING SIMULTANEOUSLY.

AMAZING CREATURES!

PRETTY, PRETTY POOZLE...

BROTHER... RESTRAINT!

POOZLE...

THE SITUATION IS MARQUEE!

A PREMIUM BLEND FOR HEALTHY MALE PROGENITATION!

YOU HAVE A WINDOW OF TWO DAYS.

HEALTHY BABIES...

BROTHER...!

STOP!

RICTUS WANTS HEALTHY BABIES!

GET AWAY FROM ME!

RICTUS...!

LET HER GO.

NOW.

RICTUS JUST WANTS TO PLAY WITH THE PRETTY POOZLE.

OUT.

C'MON, BROTHER.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME.

RICTUS!

LET'S GO!

THE FILLY'S IN HER PRIME. THIS IS AN AUSPICIOUS TIME...

I NEED SOMEONE IN HERE WHO CAN STAND UP TO RICTUS...

...AND KEEP AN EYE ON HER.

I'LL DO IT! DAY AND NIGHT--

NO.

BUT I KNOW SOME-ONE WHO CAN...

"PEACH.

"A ROUND STONE FRUIT... WITH YELLOW FLESH..."

TOK TOK TOK

TOK TOK TOK

HSST!

SHE COMES!

"...AND DOWNY PINKISH-YELLOW SKIN."

SOUNDS YUM!

KLUNK

WHIRRR

TOK

WHO IS THAT?

IS IT A WOMAN?

I'VE HEARD OF HER...

...THEY CALL HER "BAG OF NAILS."

IMPERATOR FURIOSA.

FURIOSA

WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

MAYBE SHE'S HERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON US...

YOU MEAN TO **PROTECT** US?

MAYBE...

SSKKKKRRRRR

...BUT WHO'S GOING TO PROTECT **US** FROM **HER?**

THERE'S NO SHAME IN WHAT HE FORCES YOU TO DO, MY DEARS.

BREATHE. STAY CALM WITHIN YOUR CORE.

IN THAT PLACE, HE CANNOT REACH YOU.

HE LIKED THEM BATHED. HAIR BRUSHED AND TOUSLED.

CHEEKS PINCHED INTO A BLUSH. LIPS DARKENED WITH SOOT.

SKIN WHITENED WITH TALC.

PERHAPS...

KLUNK

WHIRRR

ARE THEY IN READINESS?

...HE WISHED TO BE REMINDED OF HIS WAR BOYS.

THEY ARE.

ANGHARAD.

YOU FIRST.

THE REST OF YOU-- LEAVE.

I WILL ATTEND YOU PRESENTLY.

PERHAPS A SMALL DOSE OF SOMETHING, JOE...?

HELP YOU STAY UP ALL NIGHT...?

GET ON WITH IT, MECHANIC.

...THE FOLLY OF OLD MEN.

UHN

UHN

UHHNN!

AAAHHHH...

IS IT JUST ME--OR ARE HIS PUSTULES GETTING WORSE?

EW! DON'T!

I FEEL BRUISED.

WE ALL DO.

NOT LIKE ME. WHERE HE PUTS IT, THERE'LL BE NO BABIES.

DID HE DO YOU?

I DON'T THINK SO.

HE PUT HIS HAND THERE. "SOON," HE SAID.

I CAN STILL SMELL HIM.

DID YOU ENJOY LAST NIGHT?

IF YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING US...

...WHY DON'T YOU PROTECT US FROM *HIM*??

BAG OF NAILS.

CAPABLE-- COME AWAY.

THE WARRIOR DOES WHAT SHE'S TOLD.

SHE'S HIS CREATURE... HE OWNS HER, TOO.

Huh.

YOU'RE JUST LIKE THEM...

...EXCEPT YOU'VE GOT NO BALLS.

MM-HMM.
YES...
...THERE...
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE LI-LI... LISTEN...
...MMMM...
HOW DO THEY F-F...FEEL, MY DEAR? ALL T-T...TINGLY?
WELL...
...I'D SAY CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER...
...DADDY.

I WANT HER QUARANTINED. NOTHING LEFT TO CHANCE.

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE *THIS* ONE.

WATCH THEM. ESPECIALLY GIDDY.

I CAN'T DO IT...

SEE? WE'RE JUST CHATTELS. WOMBS ON LEGS.

YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT...

...SO WHOSE SIDE ARE *YOU* ON?

OSON ZIS PHAINOU, MID'EN OLOS SI LIPOU... ♪

GIRLS! GIRLS!! IT SOUNDS LIKE A DIRGE!

LISTEN TO THE WORDS...!

"SO LONG AS YOU LIVE, BE RADIANT... DO NOT GRIEVE AT ALL.

"LIFE'S SPAN IS SHORT, AND TIME EXTRACTS THE FINAL RECKONING."

A SHORT BREAK, PERHAPS...?

IT'S NO GOOD...

CHEEDO!

LET HER BE...

IT'S NOT THE SAME, SINGING WITHOUT YOU, ANGHARAD.

SLEEP TIGHT, MY DEARS.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANGHARAD?

I'M FINE.

I'M *AFRAID* FOR THEM.

THESE ARE FINE YOUNG WOMEN WITH STRONG MINDS. BUT IF THEY STAY HERE, THEY WILL PERISH. AND WITH THEM, ALL *HOPE.*

THEY NEED A *LEADER.*

uh...

GET OUT.

AAAH!

GET AWAY FROM ME!

ANGHARAD!

SMASH

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

LEAVE HER ALONE!

GET AWAY FROM US!!

ENOUGH!!

OUT THERE, PEOPLE HAVE NO **FOOD.** NO **SHELTER.** THERE IS NOTHING BUT **SQUALOR** AND **DISEASE...**

...NO **WATER** TO DRINK. YET **YOU...** YOU **BATHE** IN IT! **ALL** OF YOU!

YOU HAVE SO MUCH.

SO MUCH TO **GIVE,** SO MUCH TO LOOK **FORWARD** TO...

"FINE YOUNG WOMEN..." HA!

YOU HAVE NO HUMILITY...NO GRATITUDE!

WE HAVE NO FREEDOM.

YOU THINK OUT THERE IS FREEDOM?

YOU'D BE MAGGOT FOOD BEFORE THE END OF THE FIRST DAY.

WAKE UP. BE THANKFUL... FOR THIS.

GIRLS? GIRLS?!

SO YOU SAY.

ALL YOU KNOW IS WAR...

...AND KILLING.

AND WHAT WERE YOU JUST DOING?

THE SILENCE LASTED FOR WEEKS.

BUT ALL THINGS END.

YOU WERE ONE OF US ONCE, WEREN'T YOU?

ONE OF HIS WIVES.

WHAT HAPPENED?

I'M KEEPING MY BABY.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE SAFE, LITTLE ONE.

GOOD.

NOT DOING IT FOR *HIM*, THOUGH...

...MY BABY IS *NOT* GOING TO BE A WARLORD.

WE NEED TO GET AWAY FROM HERE, LITTLE ONE.

YOU GOT OUT. YOU SURVIVED.

SO CAN WE...

...AND THERE HAS TO BE A BETTER PLACE OUT THERE...SOMEWHERE.

I PROMISE YOU, LITTLE ONE...

...I PROMISE YOU, ONE DAY WE WILL FIND IT.

...OSON ZIS PHAINOU, MID'EN OLOS SI LIPOU...

...TO TELOS O CHRONOS APETI...

LOVELY, GIRLS--JUST LOVELY. YOU DO THE ANCIENTS PROUD.

I'M SORRY.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS.

WE JUST WANTED TO PROTECT HER. WE...

...I JUST...

...THE MOMENT YOU WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR...I WAS FILLED WITH ENVY.

YOU LOOKED SO STRONG. PROUD AND INDEPENDENT.

I WISH I COULD BE LIKE YOU.

A WARRIOR MAGNIFICENT.

NO. YOU DON'T.

YOU CAN BE ***BETTER.***

ANGHARAD, THIS IS WHERE WE'RE GOING TO BRING UP YOUR BABY.

OHHH, LOOK AT IT!

DO YOU THINK SUCH A PLACE EXISTS?

I DOUBT IT.

OH.

MY BABY IS GOING TO BE HAPPY WHEREVER IT GROWS UP...

...AS LONG AS IT'S NOT HERE.

LIKE YOU SAID... WHAT WOULD I KNOW?

THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.

AND FINALLY...

HOW DID YOU LOSE YOUR ARM?

BAD THINGS HAPPENED.

IT MUST HAVE HURT.

Hmm.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

A LONG WAY FROM HERE.

WHY DID YOU LEAVE?

I WAS TAKEN.

THAT'S AWFUL.

YOUR MOTHER MUST HAVE BEEN WORRIED SICK.

MY MOTHER...

...SHE DIED.

COME, MY LITTLE FILLIES! DADDY LOVES YOU.

WE LOVE YOU, DADDY!

DO YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT DADDY HAS FOR YOU?

EWW! YUK! HAHAHA!

URRGGH-- GET AWAY, YOU NASTY FEMALES...

WHERE ARE MY LOVELY WAR BOYS?

HAHAHAHA!

KLUNK WHIRRR

:SNFF:

DO I SMELL ESTROGEN IN THE AIR?

Ah, THE FILLIES...

...READY FOR ANOTHER JAUNT?

WHAT DO YOU WANT, MECHANIC?

Ah, IMPERATOR... IT'S NOT WHAT I WANT...

COME ON, GIRLS! IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN...

...TO GET ON YOUR BACKS AND STARE AT THE CEILING WHILE DADDY DOES HIS PATRIMONIAL DUTY...

...ON BEHALF OF ALL US LESSER MEN TO REGENERATE OUR SPECIES!

RELAX, IMPERATOR...

...SOMETIMES I WONDER IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHO YOU'RE PROTECTING THESE GIRLS **FROM.**

MISS GIDDY! GET THESE DELICATE LITTLE DARLINGS READY... SO HE CAN RAWDOGG THEIR **ASSES** OFF.

OH, AND...

"...I THINK HE'S IN THE MOOD FOR **ENTERTAINMENT.**"

...TO TELOS O CHRONOS APETI...

"TIME EXACTS THE FINAL RECKONING."

CLAP CLAP

BEAUTIFUL.

COME, MY CHILD...

TAP TAP

...SIT ON DADDY'S LAP.

TONIGHT...

...YOU WILL BE FIRST.

BRAANG

NO!

GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF HER!

SHE'S THE ONLY THING HERE NOT INFECTED BY YOUR POISON!

YOU.

A WISE MAN ONCE SAID...

"THERE IS NO EASY WALK TO FREEDOM.

"WE MUST PASS THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH...

"...BEFORE WE REACH THE MOUNTAIN-TOP OF OUR DESIRES."

WE CAN'T--

HE'LL KILL--

NO...

UH!

AGGH!

CRASH

RIIP

...HE WON'T.

NGHH!

AAARGH!

I GAVE YOU FREEDOMS.

NO ONE ELSE HAS THEM. NOT EVEN I.

I GAVE YOU SHELTER. I GAVE YOU WATER TO BATHE IN. I GAVE YOU CLEAN AIR TO BREATHE.

I GAVE YOU BOOKS, MUSIC...I GAVE YOU THE HISTORY WOMAN.

I EVEN GAVE YOU MY FINEST WARRIOR TO KEEP YOU SAFE.

WHERE'S MY GRATITUDE?!

FROM NOW ON...

...YOU WILL DO AS I SAY.

TWO DAYS LATER...

I AM. I *KNOW* I AM...

WE ARE GETTING OUT OF HERE.

YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT.

THERE IS A PLACE.

A GREEN PLACE.

THE LAND OF MANY MOTHERS.

THERE WERE PLANTS. TREES. EVEN ANIMALS.

THERE WERE MEN, BUT IT WAS WOMEN WHO RAN IT. THEY GREW FOOD. CARED FOR CHILDREN.

THERE WAS HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

I TRIED TO RETURN MANY TIMES. EACH TIME I FAILED.

I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF IT'S *THERE* ANY MORE.

IT IS ENOUGH TO *HOPE*...

...PLEASE TAKE US THERE.

IT WON'T BE EASY.

HUSH.

KLUNK WHIRRR

GIIIRRRLLLSSS!

DADDY'S GOT YOU PRESENTS!

CLANG

THIS IS MY NEW DISPENSATION.

I WILL NOT TOLERATE REBELLION.

YOU WILL WEAR THEM...

...THE ORGANIC MECHANIC WILL FIT THEM.

AND YOU...

...I'VE ASSIGNED YOU A NEW WAR RIG.

YOU'RE **DONE** HERE.

AND SO THE DARK DAYS RETURNED.

BONNNNGG

IT'S **MY** FAULT. STUPID. STUPID. STUPID...

YES.

AND NOW WE'RE WEARING RAPE-AXES.

SORRY. SORRY. SORRY...

I HATE THIS BABY.

UGLY, UGLY BABY...

BONNNNGG

DON'T **SAY** THAT.

IT'S GOING TO BE **BEAUTIFUL.**

WHAT WOULD **YOU** KNOW?!

YOU'RE HIS **FAVORITE.** HE DIDN'T FORCE HIS **FIST** DOWN YOUR THROAT--OR **CHOKE** YOU OR BOUNCE YOU OFF THE **WALLS!**

NO, HE DIDN'T.

NOT IN THAT WAY.

LOOK AT US!

IF WE LET HIM WIN, WE WILL LOSE *OUR-SELVES...*

...WE WILL LOSE OUR *MINDS.*

FURIOSA SHOWED US TO BE STRONG...AS *WOMEN!*

WE ARE NOT *THINGS!*

YOUR BABY *WILL* BE BEAUTIFUL... BECAUSE YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL...AND BRAVE!

YOU HAD THE GUTS TO DO WHAT *WE* WERE AFRAID TO...

...NO MORE FEAR!

WE HAVE EACH OTHER! AND WE'LL FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE-- TOGETHER!

I'M SO *PROUD* OF YOU, MY DEARS...

THEY JUST NEEDED A LITTLE *HELP*...

...AND *SHE* NEEDED...

...THEM.

GET DRESSED. WE'RE LEAVING...

...*NOW.*

I KNEW YOU'D COME...

...WE WERE AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT HAVE *HAPPENED* TO YOU...

...I NEVER DOUBTED...

...HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

...ARE WE GOING TO THE GREEN PLACE?

NO QUESTIONS.

NONE OF YOU ARE PREPARED FOR THIS JOURNEY...

...AND THERE ARE ***NO*** GUARANTEES.

THERE IS ONE THING I WANT...

...TO PLANT THIS ***PEACH STONE*** AT THE ***OTHER*** END.

ONE QUESTION REMAINS--

--DO YOU ***WANT*** TO DO THIS?

OUT THERE, EVERYTHING HURTS...

...BUT IF YOU DO AS I SAY...

...WE'LL GET THROUGH IT.

YES?

YES!

...MISS GIDDY?

I HAD WAITED FOR THIS DAY FOR SO LONG...

...BUT I AM TOO FRAIL, MY DEARS...

...I WOULD NOT SURVIVE LONG OUT THERE.

I DON'T ***WANT*** TO GO...I WANT TO STAY HERE WITH ***YOU.***

COURAGE, CHILD...

...YOU MUST BE ***FREE.***

YOU'RE SURE?

I WON'T TELL HIM ANYTHING, MY DEAR...

...I'M READY FOR WHAT MAY COME.

THAT WAS THE LAST GIDDY SAW OF THAT LITTLE "BAND OF COURAGE."

SHE WOULD NEVER KNOW IF THEY SURVIVED THE FURY ROAD.

THE IMMORTAN HAD COME TO BELIEVE HIS OWN LIES...

...TO BELIEVE IN HIS ***OMNIPOTENCE.***

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

...SHE WOULD SHOW HIM THE ***TRUTH.***

SHE HAD NEVER FIRED A GUN BEFORE.

TOK TOK TOK

THIS WAS A HELLUVA WAY TO START.

AND WE KNOW HOW IT ENDED...

...OUT THERE ON THE **FURY ROAD.**

AH. SEE? THE STORM HAS PASSED.

THE WORLD ONCE AGAIN FALLS SILENT...STILL.

BUT WE MUST **BEWARE...**

...FOR IT IS MERELY THE CALM BEFORE THE **NEXT** STORM.

HISTORY REPEATING.

MAX PART ONE

GEORGE MILLER STORY
MARK SEXTON & NICO LATHOURIS SCRIPT
MARK SEXTON ART
MICHAEL SPICER COLOR
CLEM ROBINS LETTERS

WHAT A LOVELY DAY!

THE WINDS HAVE GONE, THE DUST IS SETTLED. THE AIR WON'T ***BURN*** OUR LUNGS...

...FOR A TIME.

LET US TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS PEACEFULNESS...

...TO TAKE A TURN OUTSIDE-- AND GAZE OUT OVER OUR ***BRAVE NEW WORLD.***

OUR LITTLE CITY OF MUD BRICKS. A PLACE WHERE ALL ARE EQUAL, AND EVERYONE IS PROVIDED FOR.

A PLACE THAT THE LOST SOULS WANDERING THE WASTELAND CAN CALL ***HOME.***

MAYBE EVEN THE MAN WHO HELPED SAVE US--BROUGHT US BACK FROM THE BRINK...

...THE MAN CALLED ***MAX.***

HE'S STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, A SOLITARY FIGURE--STRUGGLING WITH THE DEMONS OF HIS PAST...

...A PAST THAT STARTED BEFORE THE FALL...

...IN A WORLD WHERE COMMODITY AND GREED RULED...

...AND ALL WAS POWERED BY THE BLACK FUEL.

WHERE INDUSTRY CHATTERED AND CHURNED TO PRODUCE BAUBLES TO ENTERTAIN THE MASSES...

...SPILLING ITS WASTES INTO THE WATERS AND THE SKY, POISONING THE WORLD AS THOUGH THERE WAS NO LIMIT.

BUT THE RESOURCES **WERE** LIMITED. THE BLACK FUEL RAN LOW. THE LAND TURNED SOUR. EVEN PRECIOUS WATER BECAME SCARCE.

WARS WERE FOUGHT TO CONTROL THE LITTLE THAT REMAINED.

FINALLY, THE PEOPLE AWOKE FROM THEIR COMPLACENCY, REALIZED THEIR PERIL...

...BUT THEIR CALLS FOR ACTION WERE MET WITH FORCE, DIRECTED BY THOSE WHO HELD ONTO POWER.

BUT IT WAS ALL TOO LATE.

THE WORLD WENT BEYOND THE TIPPING POINT.

THE STREETS WERE FILLED WITH FIRE AND BLOOD.

ANARCHY REIGNED.

GANGS AND MILITIAS TOOK CONTROL, WHILE THE CITIZENS HID UNDER THEIR BEDS.

ONLY A PRECIOUS FEW STOOD FOR ORDER IN THE CHAOS.

ORDINARY MEN, STRIVING FOR PEACE...

...MEN LIKE ***MAX.***

BUT THE MAELSTROM FOUND HIM.

AND IN THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE...

...HE LOST ***EVERY-THING.***

HIS WORLD BECAME DUST.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT...

...WAS ***VENGEANCE.***

HE BECAME A SHELL OF A MAN, HOLLOWED BY HIS LOSS...

...LOST IN HIS OWN ***WASTELAND.***

AND AROUND HIM, THE WORLD FELL APART.

THE WORLD BURNED.

THE WATERS DRIED UP.

THE CITIES DIED.

ONLY THOSE WHO WERE MOBILE AND BRUTAL ENOUGH THRIVED.

MEN FOUGHT AND DIED ON THE ROADS...

...FOR A SINGLE TANK OF **GUZZOLINE.**

HAUNTED BY HIS DEMONS, MAX WANDERED ALONE...

...SEEKING CONTACT ONLY WHEN NECESSITY DEMANDED IT OF HIM.

BUT IN THIS HOSTILE WORLD, ONE MAN ALONE COULD NEVER PREVAIL.

ONCE AGAIN, HE LOST **EVERYTHING.**

IT WAS ONLY BY MAKING **ALLIANCES** THAT MAX COULD SURVIVE...

...ONLY TO BE CRUELLY USED.

AND AGAIN HE WALKED BACK OUT INTO THE WASTELAND.

A RAGGED FIGURE, HE TRAVELLED THE LAND--LOOTING, SCAVENGING...

...EVEN OCCASIONALLY TAKING ***EMPLOYMENT.***

BODYGUARD. MINER. ASSASSIN. BUT ONLY ON ***HIS*** TERMS...

...AND ALWAYS IN RETURN FOR CAR PARTS WITH WHICH TO ***REBUILD*** HIS ***INTERCEPTOR.***

BUT ALWAYS, THERE WERE REVERSALS AND LOSS...

...AND HE WAS DRAWN BACK INTO A WORLD BUILT ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE PAST...

...DOMINATED BY THE ***POWERFUL FEW.***

ENMESHED IN THEIR MACHINATIONS...

...HE WAS FORCED AGAIN TO FIGHT FOR HIS SURVIVAL...

...AND TO CHAMPION THE HOPES OF THOSE LESS POWERFUL THAN HE.

DEVASTATION FOLLOWED IN HIS WAKE...

...HE MET IT ***HEAD ON.***

SACRIFICES WERE MADE.

AND ONCE MORE, HE WAS LEFT WANDERING IN THE WASTES...

...IN SEARCH OF HIS ***BETTER SELF.***

BUT THE ***MISTAKES*** OF THE PAST ARE REPEATED OVER AND OVER...

...EATING AWAY OUR FUTURE...

...LEAVING A BLIGHTED AND POLLUTED WORLD...

...AS ITS LEGACY.

GASTOWN.

THE HUB OF GUZZOLINE PRODUCTION FOR THE ARMADAS OF THE ***IMMORTAN JOE.***

BUT EVEN A PLACE LIKE THIS HAS SOMETHING TO OFFER...

...FOR THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK...

SPECTATOR?

COMPETITOR.

HUHN.

OVER THE BRIDGE. PARK NEAR THE GATE-HOUSE.

...ON THIS NIGHT OF NIGHTS.

IT'S CALLED THE ***AMNESTY.***

WHEN ALL ARE WELCOME--BE THEY MARAUDER OR SCAVENGER, WORKER OR SLAVE.

MOST ARE THERE MERELY TO WATCH-- AND PERHAPS ***SCAVENGE*** SOMETHING OF WORTH, IF THEY CAN...

...BUT A FOOLHARDY FEW GO TO TEST THEIR ***METTLE...***

...IN AN ARENA WHERE ONLY ***ONE*** WILL PREVAIL.

SURVIVAL OF THE ***STRONGEST...***

...OR THE SMARTEST.

OI! CLEAR OFF, SCAV!

GET THAT FILTH AWAY FROM OUR RIDE!

HEY! YOU DEAF?

WOULDN'T DO THAT.

WHY? GONNA FALL TO PIECES IF I DO THIS?

NO...

THUNK

...RIGGED TO BLOW.

WOULDN'T MOVE IF I WERE YOU.

PLEASE...

PLEASE...

FOOD...

BACK TO YOUR DIRTY HOLE!

YOU WON'T LAST A MINUTE!

PLEASE...

SOME-THING TO TRADE...

A SCRAP...

PLEASE...

JUST MADE IT IN TIME, SCAV...

SHOW'S STARTING.

LEAVE YOUR WEAPONS AT THE DOOR.

BAIT.

HERE WE GO.

BAIT.

BAIT.

BAIT.

COMPETITION.

DIFFICULT...

MADE MISTAKE, SCAV.

DO YOU FAVOR, KILL YOU--

...NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

STRIKE HARD. FAST. NO MERCY.

GET RESPECT.

GET SPACE.

UHK

KRAK

K-CHINK

BREATHE UP, PRETTIES...

...PLAYTIME!

LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN...

...YOU COWARDS, HIDING UP THERE BEHIND THE PIPES!

TOO TERRIFIED TO TAKE PART? BAH! **WEAKLINGS** ALL!

LET ME **HEAR** YOUR **FEAR!**

LET ME **FEEL** YOUR **PAIN!**

LET ME **TASTE** YOUR **RAGE!**

BOOO!

YAAAA!

WELCOME TO THUNDERDOME!

DEARLY BELOVED, WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE. 'NOTHER TIME, 'NOTHER PLACE, WHEN THERE WAS ONLY **ONE LAW...**

"TWO MEN ENTER--ONE MAN LEAVES."

NOW WE'VE ADDED SOME SPICE FOR YOUR PLEASURE--AND **MORE.** NOT TWO, BUT **MANY!** FIGHTING **TOOTH AND CLAW.**

YET STILL ONE MAN LEAVES--BUT HE LEAVES...

AAAAA!!

...IN **STYLE!**

OUT OF THE DUST, SPILLED BLOOD AND GRIME...

...ON THE **WINGS** OF A **V8,** HE SOARS, HE FLIES!

BECAUSE THEY FIGHT NOT FOR JUSTICE...

...NOW THEY FIGHT FOR A **PRIZE!**

TA--

--DA!!

BOSS 351 CLEVELAND V8.

RUMORS WERE TRUE...

...THEY **DID** FIND ONE.

JUST NEED TO BEAT THESE--

‹SHEEP!›

BUZZARDS!
BUZZARDS!
FILTH!
FILTHY CORPSE-PICKERS!
DAMN.
LOOK AT THE FREAK! COVERED IN BLADES!
CAN'T BRING WEAPONS INTO THUNDERDOME!
IT MOCKS OUR LAWS!
KILL THEM ALL!
AMNESTY! ALL WELCOME!
WE COME TO FIGHT!
THIS ONE, HE HONOR YOU WITH...SACRED ARMOR. DEEP RESPECTMENT!
SILENCE!
GENTLEFOLK, BOUND WE ARE BY AMNESTY.
EVEN WILD DOGS ARE WELCOME.
BUT AS TO THE "ARMOR"...
...LET US ASK HIM FOR A RULING.
HOO HOO
...OUR LITTLE CONTEST GETS MORE INTERESTING!
I DO SO ALLOW IT.

BODY ARMOR AND A WEAPON.

BIG ADVANTAGE.

NOT GOOD.

MAKES PEOPLE NERVOUS...

...THINGS GET MESSY.

THERE YOU ***HAVE*** IT, FOLKS--THE WORD FROM ON HIGH.

THE BUZZARD IS WELCOME TO JOIN IN AND DIE!

(KILL THEM ***ALL***, BROTHER. MAKE THE SHEEP FEAR US!)

HERE'S HOW THIS WORKS-- IN THE CIRCLE YOU START. YOU STAY THERE AND LISTEN TO THE LAST FEW BEATS OF YOUR HEART...

...AND WE WAIT FOR THE SIREN'S DREAD NOTE OF FEAR...

...READY...

...GET STEADY...

STRATEGY-- MOVE FAST. CLIMB HIGH.

NEED A WEAPON THAT WILL GET THROUGH THAT ***ARMOR.***

DYING TIME'S HERE!

KEEP CALM.

BE CLEAR.

STAY FOCUSED.

VRAAAAA!

RUN.

YAAA!

SKLTCHT

HKK

MINE!

MINE!

MINE!

RRGH

WHUD

UNFF!

UGH!

WHOKK

RRR-RRR

AAIEEEAA!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEE

KKK

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

AGHK!

SKLLRRRR

RRRAAA

RRGGG

(ONE TO GO.)

HSSST!

HERE! TAKE IT!

(RUN, LITTLE MAN.)

UNGHH!

THUDD

GRRAAAH!

UNNF!

(WEAK.)

SSSSSSS

BDANG

GRAAAGH!!

RAAAA!

KRAK

HRRR

SCAV! SCAV! SCAV! SCAV!

WE HAVE A WINNER!

PROUD OWNER OF A **BOSS 351**-- ENGINE OF THE GODS!

AND THE NEW CHAMPION OF THUNDER-DOME!

CHEAT!

SCAV HAD OUTSIDE HELP! WEAPON HANDED OVER! WE SEE!

UNFAIR ADVANTAGE! KILLED OUR CHAMPION. WE WANT JUSTICE!

WE WANT **BLOOD!**

THE CONTEST IS OVER. THE BETTER MAN **WON.**

NO DEALS!

GUARDS!

WE FIND YOU, SCAV!

YOU WILL **PAY!**

MANY THANKS.

KILLING THE BUZZARD SAVED **US** THE TROUBLE.

YOU'VE IMPRESSED POWERFUL PEOPLE, STRANGER.

OFFER ON THE TABLE--WOMEN, FOOD, WATER--IN RETURN FOR YOUR **SERVICES.**

INTERESTED?

I'LL TAKE THE ENGINE.

YOUR LOSS...

CURSE YOU, SCAV!

BEEN HERE HOURS!

IN THE BACK.

HEY!

DON'T TOUCH THE VEHICLE, HE'S RIGGED IT TO--

--BLOW.

LIED.

THANKS FOR *MINDING* THE CAR.

SLIT YOUR PIPES, SCAV!

TURN YOU INTO *MAGGOT FOOD!*

VRRRRR

SKRRAANG

REEEE!

REEEE!

BOOM FSST

TUNGG

REEEEE!

DING DING

AWAKENING, YES?

GOOD. IS RIGHT YOU KNOW WHY THIS IS DONE TO YOU.

YOU CHEAT AT THUNDY-DOME. KILL OUR BROTHER.

WIN YB.

DING DING

IS NOT ***RIGHT.***

SO WE WILL TAKE ENGINE. YOUR SUPPLIES...

...YOUR CAR...

DING

...YOUR ***LIFE.***

EYE FOR EYE.

BUT-- YOU STRONG WARRIOR...

...SO I GIVE YOU ***FIGHTING CHANCE.***

HNN

SHUK

BLADE IN ***FEMORAL ARTERY.*** PULL IT OUT, BLEED QUICK.

MAYBE YOU GET BLEEDING STOP, MAYBE YOU ***LIVE.***

OR NOT TAKE ***RISK.*** SHAKE AND BURN UP IN SUN. DIE ***SOFT.***

YOU CHOICE.

CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT...

...BURNING...

...BURNING...

HOW LONG? CAN'T REMEMBER...

UHN--HAND DAMAGED...

...TOO DAMAGED.

CAN'T UNTIE KNOTS.

...BRAIN ON FIRE.

KNIFE.

FREE.

CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT.

MUST STOP...

...MUST...

...MUST GET AWAY.

GOT TO HIDE...

...GOT TO...

...SO TIRED.

...JESS?

MAX?

MAX?

WHY?

WHY DO YOU KEEP RUNNING?

WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING FROM?

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO, MAX?

MAX?

MAX?

MAX?

FIRE.

Huh.

DIDN'T THINK YOU'D **MAKE** IT.

FIRE.

ATTRACTS ATTENTION.

GLAD MY EFFORTS WEREN'T **WASTED.**

I TRACKED YOU FROM GASTOWN.

YOU DID A GOOD JOB OF HIDING YOUR WAY, BUT I MANAGED TO FIND IT.

LUCKY FOR **YOU.**

YOU LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.

YOU'LL BE **WEAK.**

HELPED ME... IN GASTOWN...

...WHY?

TRADE.

I HELPED YOU. I SAVED YOUR LIFE.

YOU **OWE** ME.

MAX PART TWO

GEORGE MILLER STORY
MARK SEXTON & NICO LATHOURIS SCRIPT
MARK SEXTON ART
MICHAEL SPICER COLOR
CLEM ROBINS LETTERS

"HER NAME IS GLORY.

"WE WERE TRAVELING IN A TRADING CONVOY TO GASTOWN WHEN THE BUZZARDS ATTACKED.

"A RAIDING PARTY, AFTER GUZZOLINE--AND WHATEVER ELSE THEY COULD SNATCH.

"THE GUARDS DROVE THEM OFF--BUT IN THE CHAOS, GLORY WAS TAKEN."

"TAKEN WHERE?"

"TO WHERE THOSE MONSTERS CAN HIDE, DEEP UNDERGROUND--AWAY FROM THE LIGHT.

"I FOUND A WAY DOWN--BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY BUZZARDS.

"I SOUGHT OUT THOSE WHO MIGHT HELP--WARRIORS, MERCENARIES--HARD MEN...

"...BUT THEY WERE ALL PISS AND WIND. THEY WANTED FLESH, NOT A FIGHT.

"MY DAUGHTER IS STILL DOWN THERE...ALONE.

"I SAW YOU FIGHT IN THUNDERDOME. YOU'RE FAST, ADAPTABLE, A SURVIVOR...

"...AND NOW THE BUZZARDS HAVE YOUR VEHICLE. YOU WANT IT BACK...

"...WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER."

NO.

BETTER ON MY OWN.

DON'T TELL ME WHAT'S BETTER.

THIS IS MY DAUGHTER WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.

HNH.

HOW WILL I KNOW HER?

SHE HAS A CHARM AROUND HER NECK-- A WINGED HORSE.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. YOU'RE RISKING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE.

I'M COMING WITH YOU.

AND WHEN YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED?

WHO LOOKS AFTER YOUR DAUGHTER THEN?

DAMN YOU.

IF SHE'S HARMED IN ANY WAY...

I'LL BRING HER BACK.

I PROMISE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE.

ALL I HAVE IS THIS LITTLE SPOT OF DAYLIGHT.

FOR A SHORT TIME EVERY DAY, I CAN FEEL IT ON MY FACE...

...AND I REMEMBER THE WORLD ABOVE.

THE WIND...

...THE SUN...

...MY MOTHER.

DOM DOM B-DOM

BEFORE THEY TOOK ME FROM HER...

...KEPT ME DOWN HERE IN THE DARK.

DINKI-DI

DOM DOM B-DOM

THEY CALLED ME "TUNNEL MONKEY." SENT ME INTO SMALL SPACES, SEEKING OUT FOOD, CLOTHING, STUFF THEY NEEDED IN THE PLACES THEY COULDN'T REACH.

BUT I GOT AWAY. I FOUND A PLACE WITH FOOD AND WATER...

...A PLACE WHERE THEY COULDN'T GET ME...

...AND WAYS TO GET AROUND THAT THEY COULDN'T USE.

⟨INTRUDER IN THE UPPER GALLERIES!⟩

⟨WE TEACH THEM NOT TO COME INTO BUZZARD TERRITORY!⟩

BUT I COULDN'T FIND A WAY OUT...

...COULDN'T FIND A WAY BACK TO MY MOTHER.

BUT I KNOW THIS PLACE NOW. I CAN GET AROUND IT FASTER THAN THEY CAN.

CHANGE CHANGEDOES NOTCHANGE DOESNOT .

AND MAYBE-- JUST MAYBE...

...I CAN FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP ME ESCAPE.

...CHANGE DOESNOTROLLON ROLLON...

...COMES COMESTHROUGH CONTINUOUSSTRUGGLE STRUGGLE...

...AND WORKFOR WORKFOR OUR...

CRUNCH

...FREEDOM!

UNGH!

REEEE!

AAAH!

GOT TO GO.

MMM MMMMM!

WAIT! WAIT!

UP THERE! I KNOW A WAY THEY CAN'T FOLLOW!

GO!

(UP THERE!)

GRRNNN

UHN!

...GET AWAY...

...WAIT...

...GET AWAY FROM ME!

WAIT! YOUR NAME-- GLORY!

YOUR MOTHER TOLD ME TO GIVE YOU THIS.

MAMMA...

NEED TO MOVE. THEY'LL FOLLOW.
UP HERE...
WON'T FIT.
DOWN HERE, THEN.
I WOULDN'T GO THIS WAY NORMALLY...
...BUT I'M SURE IT'LL BE SAFE--
--EEEEEE!
WHOKK
COME ON! THEY'LL HEAR THAT.
THEY HEAR EVERY-THING.
KRAK
GRUDD
CURSED EARTH
JUDGMENT IS FULLY COMING

THROUGH HERE...

TOO DARK. DON'T LIKE IT.

I DON'T KNOW ANOTHER WAY.

JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED.

WHAT...?

MOTHS. THE BUZZARDS BREED THEM FOR FOOD.

KLIK

STOP.

KLIK KLIK

FLARE

KLIK

FSSSS

KLK KLK

REEEEEE!

SSSSSS

EEEAAH!

TAKE IT!

BOOM

GUUH!

SLTCH

B-CHOOM

HRRGG!

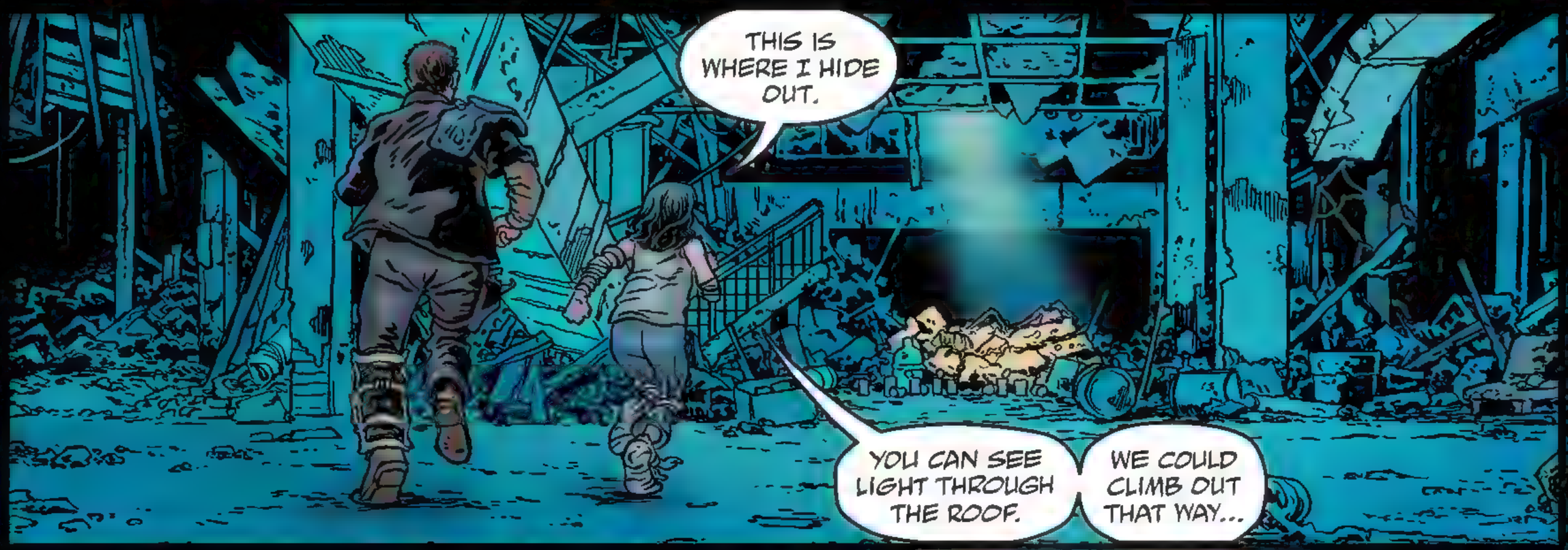
HKK!

AAAHH!

KEEP MOVING.

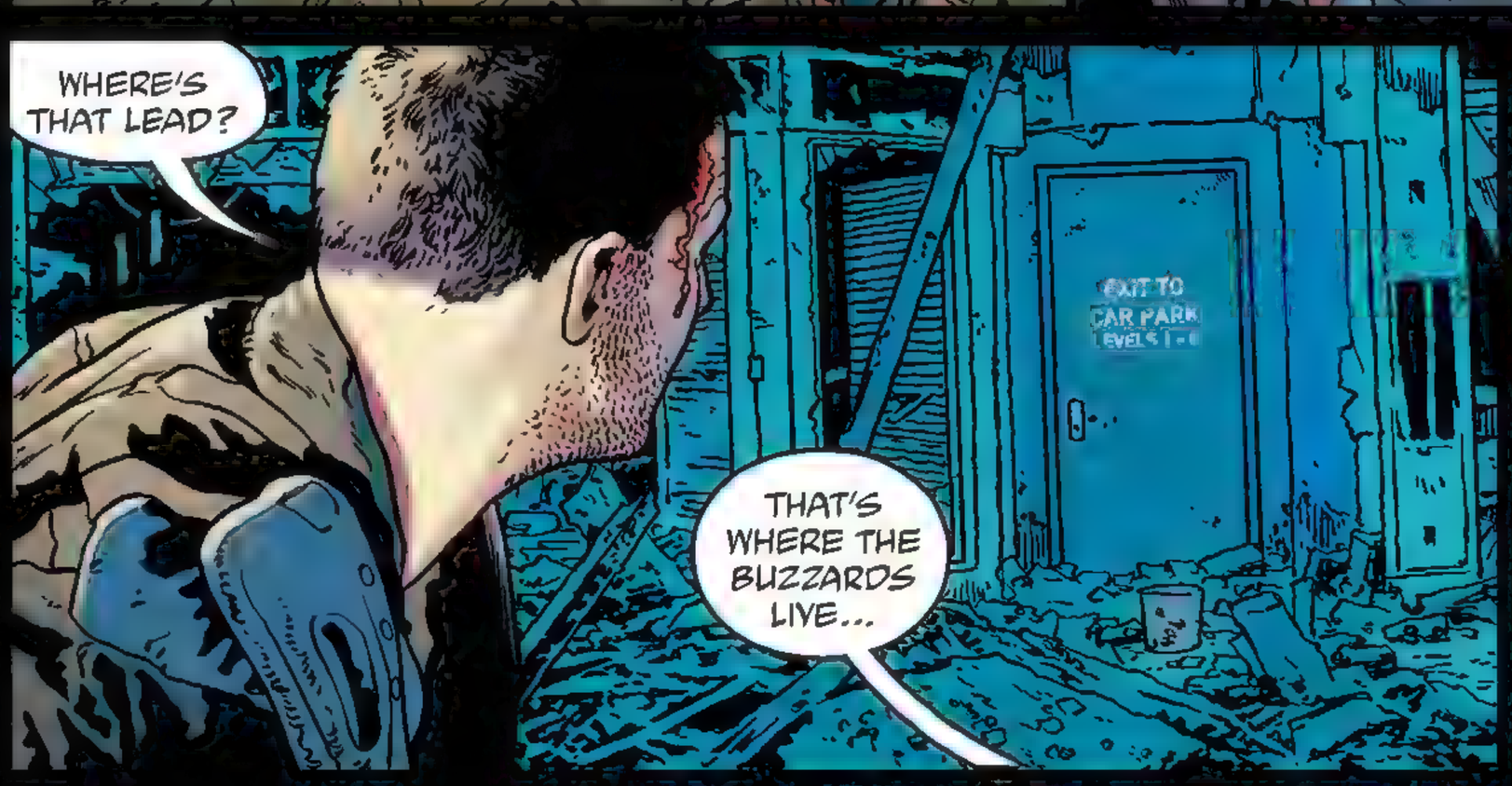
⟨THERE!⟩
THERE'S A SECRET WAY THROUGH HERE...

...THEY'VE NEVER FOUND THIS ONE.


THIS IS WHERE I HIDE OUT.
YOU CAN SEE LIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF.
WE COULD CLIMB OUT THAT WAY...

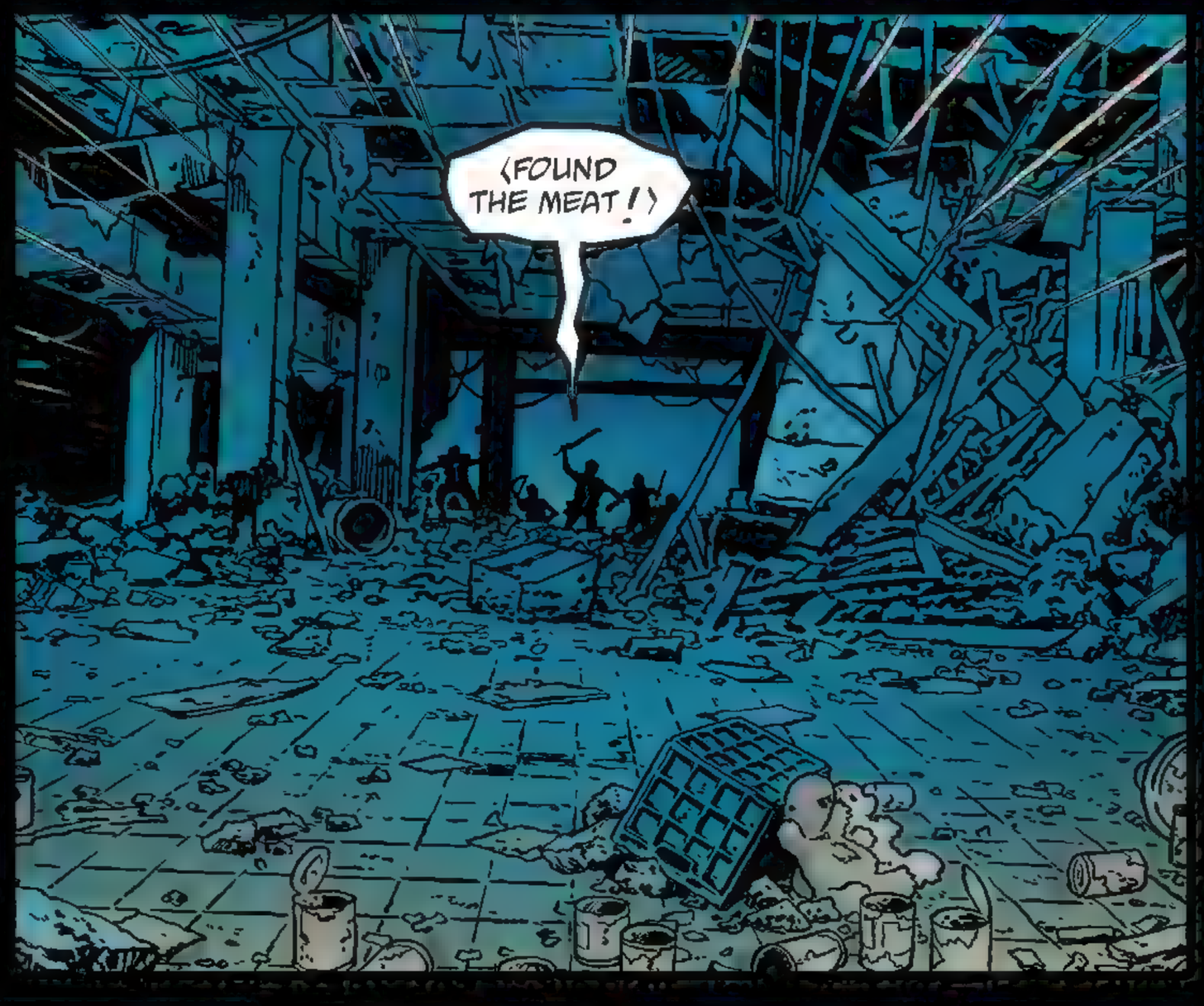
...BUT IT'S A LONG WAY UP. I COULDN'T GET UP THERE ON MY OWN.
NO...

...NOT LEAVING YET.
CAME FOR SOME-THING ELSE, TOO.


WHERE'S THAT LEAD?
EXIT TO CAR PARK LEVELS 1 - 6
THAT'S WHERE THE BUZZARDS LIVE...

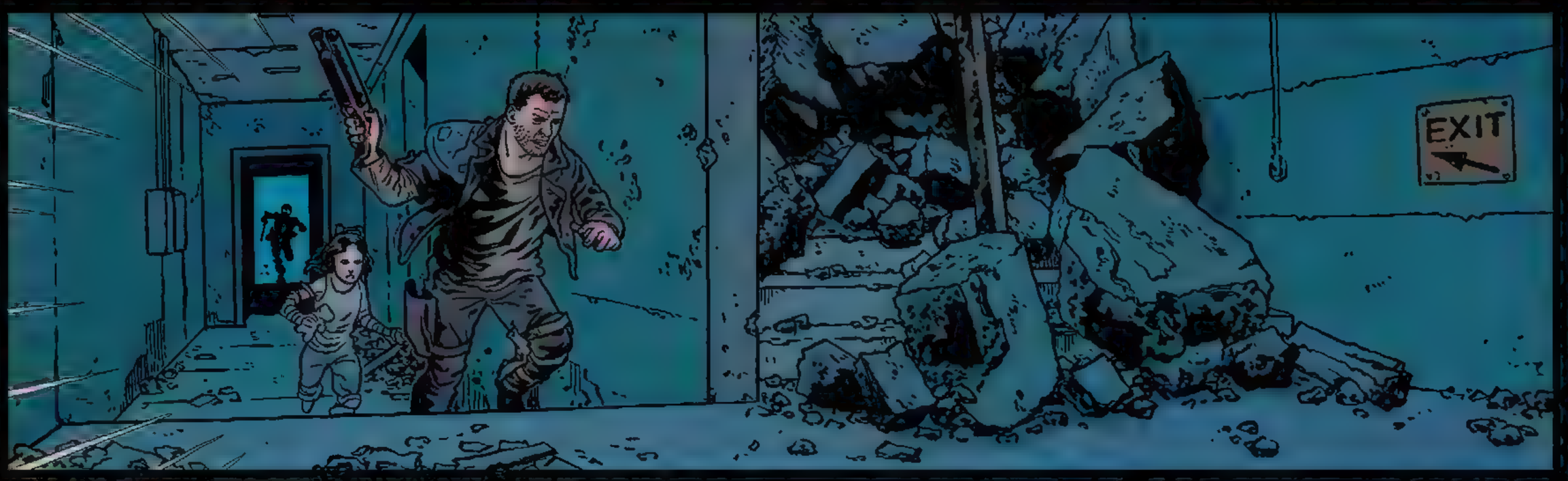
EXIT TO CAR PARK LEVELS 1 - 6
...WE DON'T WANT TO GO THERE.

⟨THIS WAY, BROTHERS!⟩


⟨FOUND THE MEAT!⟩

WAIT! THE DOOR'S JAMMED...
TAK

NOT NOW.
CRSH


EXIT

EXIT
EVEL B4

BAM

KISSH

LEVEL B4

‹UPSIDERS! FILTH!›

WAIT...

⟨MEAT!⟩

⟨RABID MEAT!⟩

UHNN!

THUD

GET IN!

CLICK CLICK RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

AT LAST.

⟨SCUM!⟩

EEEEE!

BOOM

RRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRR

⟨GO! GO!⟩

⟨THE DRUMSTICKS TO THE WARRIOR WHO KILLS THE FILTH!⟩

SHE FEELS GOOD. RUNS SMOOTH.

WHOEVER PUT THE ENGINE IN KNEW THEIR BUSINESS.

LIKE BEING HOME AGAIN.

ANY PURSUIT?

I DON'T SEE ANY-THING...

WAIT--

HERE THEY COME!

ZZZZZZZZZ

THEY'RE GOING TO CUT THE TIRES!

EXIT

KRANG

SKREEEEEE

UH!

SKRANG

RRROARRR

SKREEE

YAAAA!

BCHOOM

SKRAAH

KRANG

ANOTHER ONE!

(PUT SOME FIRE IN THE MEAT'S BELLY!)

BWHOOM

CHOOM

SKRANG

<LOOK OUT!>

AAAHHH!

CRASH

NO!

LET ME GO!

CHING

REEEE!

LOW CLEARANCE 2.1M

UH--

WHUD

BWHOOM

YOU HURT?

N-NO.

THANK YOU...

MAMMA!

MY GIRL, MY BEAUTIFUL GIRL...

ARE YOU OKAY? DID THEY--

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MAMMA.

I REMEMBERED EVERYTHING YOU TAUGHT ME...I GOT AWAY AND HID. THEY COULDN'T FIND ME.

I LOOKED AND LOOKED FOR A WAY OUT, BUT I COULDN'T GET THROUGH...

...UNTIL HE FOUND ME.

HE SAVED ME, MAMMA.

BDANG

WE'RE READY TO MOVE ON, WARRIOR.

YOU HONORED YOUR DEBT. YOU'RE A MAN OF PRINCIPLE...

...THAT'S A RARE THING THESE DAYS.

THERE'S A PLACE FOR YOU WITH US, IF YOU WANT.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ALONE ANY-MORE.

...

NO.

DON'T LOOK BACK.

DON'T LOOK BACK.

K-K-K-VROOOM

DON'T LOOK--

SKRRRRR

MAMMA! LOOK!

RRRRR

HE'S CHANGED HIS MIND! HE'S COMING BACK!

NO...

WARRIOR! WARRIOR!!

...SOME-THING'S WRONG...

WHAM

RRRRRRRRRR

THUD

KRAK

(JUSTICE! EYE FOR EYE!)

RAAAA!

SCRUNCH
SCRUNCH

YOU... CAME BACK.

I KNEW... YOU WOULD.

IS... MAMMA ALL RIGHT?

SHE'S FINE.

LOOK... AFTER HER...

I WILL.

VENGEANCE CAN NEVER BALANCE OUT LOSS...NOR CAN IT BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE.

THERE IS NO PEACE TO BE HAD THERE--ONLY PAIN...AND MADNESS.

SO IT WAS WITH MAX ROCKATANSKY, THE ROAD WARRIOR. TRAPPED IN A NEVER-ENDING CYCLE OF LOSS AND REVENGE...

...UNABLE TO ESCAPE THE MISTAKES OF HIS OWN HISTORY.

IS THAT NOT TRUE FOR US ALL?

WE BLINDLY FOLLOW HISTORY, REPEATING THE MISTAKES OF THE PAST...

...AND RECREATE THE PROBLEMS WE TRY TO AVOID.

FOR NOTHING CAN BE SOLVED IF WE USE THE SAME BEHAVIORS THAT CAUSED THE PROBLEM IN THE FIRST PLACE.

BETTER TO KNOW OUR HISTORY--TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT TELLS US ***NOT*** TO DO.

LOOK.

BEAR WITNESS WITH ME.

THEY CAN'T KEEP GIVING WATER OUT TO ALL COMERS...IT'S SEEN AS WEAKNESS. SOON SOMEONE WILL TRY TO TAKE IT FROM YOU.

PA UNDER-STOOD THAT. YOU'RE SMART--LIKE HIM.

SHOW YOU'RE STRONG. TAKE CONTROL.

SAVE US ALL.

THE CYCLE BEGINS AGAIN.

TIME TO WITHDRAW, CHILDREN--THE SUN SETS, THE WORLD GROWS COLDER.

WE'RE TRAVELING ON AN ALL-TOO-FAMILIAR PATH TO FAILURE.

AND IN THE END, WHAT IS HISTORY BUT A RECORD OF SUCH FAILURES?

BUT MAYBE THAT VERY IDEA OFFERS UP A SOLUTION.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD TRY ***NOT*** TO BE PART OF HISTORY.

IF WE UNDERSTAND AND CHANGE OUR BEHAVIORS...

...MAYBE WE CAN ***BE*** THE FUTURE.

THE WAR RIG

GEORGE MILLER STORY
MARK SEXTON SCRIPT
PETER POUND ART
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI COLOR
CLEM ROBINS LETTERS

1. THE TATRA T815.

BLAM BLAM

IT WAS DAY 43 AFTER THE FALL WHEN THE CARNAGE CAUGHT UP WITH QUARTERMASTER AUBREY MACE.

ALL CLEAR!

...CLEAR!

WHOO! WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT, BOYS!

SM

CRP

LOOK AT THIS, COLONEL! MUST HAVE DESERTED FROM HIS BARRACKS WITH A LOAD FROM Q-STORES AND A BROWN STREAK IN HIS JOCKS.

BAH! YELLOW-BELLIED FILTH! MAKES ME SICK.

IT IS OF NO CONCERN, MAJOR. WE HAVE HIS SUPPLIES. WE HAVE HIS TRUCK.

GET IT CLEANED UP...

...WE TAKE IT WITH US.

FOR THE COLONEL!

THE COLONEL!

RRRRR

THUD

THE TATRA T815 MACE HAD STOLEN PROVED TOO MUCH OF A LURE FOR OTHERS WHO WERE STRONGER AND MORE BRUTAL.

IT WAS A PRIZE JUST BEGGING FOR THE TAKING--AND THE FORCES OF COLONEL JOE MOORE OBLIGED.

2. THE TANKER.

IN THE WEEKS AFTER THE POWER FAILED, THOUSANDS FLED DOWN THE HIGHWAYS. ANYWHERE TO ESCAPE THE DYING CITIES.

BUT THE GANGS GOT THERE FIRST.

ONLY THOSE WHO WERE PREPARED ESCAPED WITHOUT PERMANENT DAMAGE... MEN LIKE BRAD HOPPER, TRUCK DRIVER.

HE'D RUN ILLICIT GOODS MANY A TIME BEFORE THE FALL...IN A WELL-HIDDEN COMPARTMENT IN THE TANKER.

NOW IT CARRIED PRECIOUS LIVES--HIS FAMILY. SECRETED AWAY, NOT TO BE FOUND BY THOSE WHO WOULD DO THEM HARM--OR WORSE.

BRAD WAS LUCKY. HE MADE IT THROUGH WITH ENOUGH FUEL LEFT TO TRAVEL A DAY...

...TO GET FAR AWAY ENOUGH TO BE CLEAR OF THE TERROR...

...BEFORE HE WAS FORCED TO STOP.

HE WENT OUT IN SEARCH OF FUEL--LEAVING HIS FAMILY HIDDEN INSIDE THE TANKER. THERE THEY WOULD BE SAFE.

THE ONLY WAY IN OR OUT WAS THROUGH A HIDDEN SWITCH THAT ONLY HE KNEW.

BUT HE NEVER RETURNED.

NOTHIN'?

CANS WERE EMPTY. USELESS PRICK.

IT WASN'T TILL SEVERAL MONTHS LATER THAT SOME-ONE FOUND THE TANKER.

THE TANKER BECAME A VALUABLE ASSET FOR THE GROWING RANKS OF COLONEL JOE MOORE'S ARMADA...

...BUT IT WAS TWO YEARS BEFORE SOMEONE MADE THE GRISLY DISCOVERY.

BRAD'S SECRET COMPARTMENT WAS WELL HIDDEN, ALL RIGHT.

3. THE TWIN ENGINES.

JARED AND JAMES YOETEN DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER. IDENTICAL TWINS ARE LIKE THAT.

THEY LOVED CARS. LOVED ENGINES. LOVED WORKING TOGETHER ON THEIR CUSTOM TWIN-ENGINE, "DOUBLE JEOPARDY"...

...AND THEY LOVED THEIR FATHER.

SO WHEN A REFUGEE FLEEING THE BIG CITY SHOT THEIR DAD AND STOLE HIS CAR...

SMASH

...SOMETHING SNAPPED.

THEY MADE HIM PAY...

... AND ANYONE ELSE WHO CAME SNIFFING AROUND.

TRESPASERS WILL B SHOT

THEY KEPT A CLOSE WATCH ON THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE.

NO ONE ELSE WOULD TAKE WHAT THEY LOVED AWAY FROM THEM.

AND ANYONE WHO CAME CLOSE?

THEY WOULD DRIVE OUT IN THE DOUBLE JEOPARDY AND SHOW THEM THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS.

AND SO IT WENT FOR 519 DAYS AFTER THE FALL...

...BEFORE, EVENTUALLY THEY BIT OFF MORE THAN THEY COULD CHEW.

TO BE TWO SET AGAINST THE WORLD JUST WASN'T ENOUGH.

BUT AT LEAST THEY HAD EACH OTHER AT THE END.

4. THE CHEVY FLEETMASTER.

IF THERE WAS ANOTHER HUMAN BEING WHO UNDERSTOOD VEHICLES BETTER THAN THE MAN THEY CALLED "THE DONK," HE WOULD'VE BEEN PART MACHINE HIMSELF.

THEY SAY THAT WHEN COLONEL MOORE LAID EYES ON THE BEAST THAT THE DONK CALLED HIS BABY, HE OFFERED HIM ANYTHING HE WANTED TO JOIN HIM.

THE COLONEL RECOGNIZED OPPORTUNITY WHEN HE SAW IT...

...AND HE ALWAYS GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

"BABY DONK" BECAME A FIRM FAVORITE FOR HIT-AND-RUN ATTACKS AGAINST THOSE WHO HELD THE CITADEL. IT WAS FAMED FOR ITS SPEED...

...BUT IN THE FINAL ASSAULT, EVEN BABY DONK COULDN'T OUTRUN A ROCKET-PROPELLED GRENADE.

MY BABY! WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO MY BABY??

AFTER THE COLONEL TOOK THE FORTRESS, HE CAME AND FOUND THE DONK.

BUILD ME VEHICLES.

VEHICLES LIKE THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN.

"VEHICLES TO CAUSE FEAR AND AWE."

AND THAT'S WHAT THE DONK DID.

BABY DONK WAS RESURRECTED, SAT ATOP THE CHASSIS OF THE TATRA T815, ITSELF RECENTLY TOTALLED BY AN IED.

THE TWIN ENGINES OF THE *DOUBLE JEOPARDY* FOUND A NEW HOME.

THE FIRST OF THE DONK'S MASTERWORKS WAS BORN.

5. THE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE.

SICK OF IT ALL, ONE DAY, ANNETTE LEHMANN AND JANINE KWONG HOPPED INTO THEIR VW BEETLE AND HEADED NORTH--TO "FIND SOME SERENITY," THEY SAID.

THEY DROVE UNTIL THEY RAN OUT OF FUEL...AND WHERE THEY STOPPED WAS WHERE THEY MADE THEIR NEW LIFE.

THIS WAS SIX MONTHS BEFORE THE FALL.

THEY TOOK NO PHONES, NO COMPUTERS. NOT EVEN A RADIO.

SO WHEN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS FLARED UP OVER THE HORIZON, THEY DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT IT MEANT...

...DIDN'T REALIZE THEY WERE CAMPED NEAR A SECRET MILITARY SITE THAT WAS A NUCLEAR TARGET.

WHEN THE BLACK SNOW FELL, THEY THOUGHT IT WAS FREAKISH...

...BUT BEAUTIFUL.

IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE THE EFFECTS OF THE AIRBORNE RADIATION WERE NOTICED.

THE HEMORRHAGING AND NIGHT SWEATS GOT WORSE...

...AS DID THE GROWTHS.

BUT WITH NO FUEL, ALL THEY COULD DO WAS HUDDLE IN THEIR LITTLE BEETLE AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.

IT WAS DAY 3267 AFTER THE FALL BEFORE THEY WERE FOUND.

THE WAR PUPS WITH THE PARTY THOUGHT THE DEAD GIRLS WERE OF THE HEROES OF ALL TIME.

THE OLDEST WAR BOY--OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER BEFORE THE FALL--WASN'T SO SURE. BUT HE SAW THAT THE BEETLE WAS IN SURPRISINGLY GOOD SHAPE. THEY TOWED IT BACK TO THE CITADEL TO OFFER UP TO THE AGING DONK AND HIS BLACKFINGERS.

THE DONK SAW ITS VALUE AS A GUN EMPLACEMENT ON THE TANKER.

THE GIRLS' SKULLS WERE HONORED--COVERED IN PITCH AND ADDED TO THE RIG IN MEMORIUM.

6. THE BABIES.

LEANNE BART ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR BABY DOLLS. A PASSION, IN DIRECT OPPOSITION TO HER DEEP MISTRUST OF PEOPLE...

LEANNE 1972

... ESPECIALLY HER FATHER.

AS SOON AS SHE WAS ABLE, SHE MOVED OUT, WENT AS FAR AS SHE COULD GO--AND MADE A NEW HOME FOR HERSELF AND 532 DOLLS IN THE CELLAR OF THE OLD BLUESTONE HOUSE.

SHE HAD NAMES FOR THEM ALL, AND THEY KEPT HER BETTER COMPANY THAN ANY STINKING DAMN HUMAN.

SHE WASN'T OVERLY CONCERNED WHEN THE ELECTRICITY WENT OFF. THE GAS STOPPING WAS A NUISANCE, BUT SHE ATE HER TINNED FOOD COLD.

THE WATER RUNNING OUT REALLY WAS QUITE THE INCONVENIENCE, THOUGH.

SHE WAS ALWAYS THIRSTY.

BUT THE DOLLS DIDN'T SEEM TO MIND--AND AFTER A WHILE, NEITHER DID SHE.

EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT--FOR 4864 DAYS AFTER THE FALL...

...WHEN THE YOUNG RICTUS ERECTUS, BORED BY HIS FATHER STUDYING OLD MAPS, DECIDED TO EXPLORE THE RUINED FARMHOUSE.

FINDING LEANNE SURROUNDED BY HER DOLLS IN THE HIDDEN CELLAR MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION ON THE SIMPLE MIND OF THE TEN-YEAR-OLD RICTUS.

IT TOOK SOME PERSUASION TO CONVINCE HIM THAT SHE WASN'T WHERE BABIES CAME FROM.

IN THE END, IT WAS SIMPLER TO LET RICTUS ADD LEANNE'S HEAD TO THE DISPLAY DECORATING THE TANKER, ALONG WITH HER DOLLS.

BESIDES, THE PRESERVED DEAD AND NEVER-AGING PLASTIC INFANTS TOGETHER PLEASED IMMORTAN JOE--A REMINDER TO THE WORLD OF HIS IMMORTALITY.

LEANNE WOULD'VE JUST BEEN HAPPY TO BE TOGETHER FOREVER WITH HER BABIES.

7. THE SKULL WHEEL.

EVER WONDERED WHERE ALL THE OBJECTS THAT THE WRETCHED DESPERATELY ATTEMPT TO TRADE END UP...?

...THE DETRITUS AND TRASH AND CAST-OFFS OF A WORLD NOW GONE AND ALMOST FORGOTTEN?

IT'S ALL SORTED THROUGH BY THE WAR PUPS. PLACED IN BINS AND PLASTIC BASKETS AND TAKEN TO THE GALLERIA IMMORTUM...

...WHERE A HANDFUL OF THE WRETCHED, KEPT CHAINED IN THE DARK CHAMBER, LABOR TO MAKE *OBJETS D'ART* IN TESTAMENT TO THE MIGHT OF IMMORTAN JOE.

THEY TOIL NIGHT AND DAY, USING ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING TO MAKE FETISHES, CAR ORNAMENTS, EVEN STEERING WHEELS...

...WORKING TILL THEIR HANDS BLEED TO PRODUCE SOMETHING--ANYTHING --THAT WILL PLEASE THE TYRANT. FOR IF HE APPROVES...

...AT LEAST THEY'LL BE GIVEN SUSTENANCE TO LAST THEM UNTIL HIS NEXT VISITATION.

GOOD.

IF NOT, THEY'RE CAST OUT FROM THE CITADEL--SURPLUS TO REQUIREMENTS.

USUALLY FROM A HEIGHT OF SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET.

EVERYONE FALLS IN THE END.

AT LEAST SOME FEW HAVE THE DUBIOUS SATISFACTION THAT THEY LEAVE SOME SMALL THING BEHIND...

8. THE WAR RIG.

...A MUTE REMINDER OF ANOTHER LIFE THAT HAS ENDED.

YET ANOTHER LIFE TAKEN IN THE STORY OF THIS MIGHTY VEHICLE-- THE ***WAR RIG***...

...AND THERE ARE MANY YET TO COME.

END.

MORE STORIES FROM THE WORLD OF MAD MAX!

The same minds behind the summer's breakout hit, *Mad Max: Fury Road*—writer/director George Miller, co-writer Nico Lathouris and co-writer/storyboard artist Mark Sexton—present this series of prequel tales set within the world of the blockbuster film!

In the brutal and lawless Wasteland, witness the rise of the veteran hero turned tyrannical warlord known as the Immortan Joe, along with the story of one of his "War Boys," the indomitable Nux. Then, follow the journey of Furiosa, the Immortan's most feared Imperator, and experience the cycle of violence and tragedy as the Road Warrior, Max Rockatansky, fights to rebuild his Interceptor—the vehicle that ensures his freedom!

This volume collects all four *Mad Max: Fury Road* comic tie-ins and—exclusive to this collection—the never-before-seen tale of the mighty War Rig and the lives it claimed!

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